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BRITAIN, STRIKE HOME.

A
P O E M.

Humbly Inscribed to every BRITON.

By a true ANTIGALLICAN.

WISDOM in the COUNCIL, and COURAGE in the FIELD. *Anon.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LEEG, at the Gazette, opposite St. Dunstan's Church,
Fleetstreet, and to be had at all the Pamphlet-shops.

MDCCLVI.

[Price Sixpence.]

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Wisdom in the Council, and Courage in the Field.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Agnew, at the Great Court, St. Dunstan's Church.
[Illegible text]

M DCCC LII.

[Price Sixpence.]



In that most impious, and most monstrous age!
BRITAIN, STRIKE HOME.

From bounteous Heav'n no secrets are conceal'd;
P O E M.

WHILE *Nature's* throb with strong convulsive throes,

And subterraneous fire intensely glows!

The dense and stagnant air, by heat, refin'd,

Bursts from her womb, and frightens half mankind!

While undulating vapours sportive play—

And desolate whole kingdoms in their way!

Her rending bosom agitates the waves,

And thousands meet in ocean's bed, their graves!

Still
:red cannot bear:— subjects will not—

BRITAIN, STRIKE HOME!

Still *Nature* trembling! --- quodring at the times!
Alarming, and alarm'd -- for *late* crimes!
So Sodom and Gomorrah felt her rage

In that most *impious*, and most *monstrous* age!
BRITAIN, STRIKE HOME!

FROM bounteous HEAV'N no secrets are conceal'd;
No private crime to HEAV'N is unreveal'd:
Then why transgress --- or, slight it's awful pow'r,
When human Grandeur may not last an Hour?

To faithless *France* let our attention turn,
Whose Monast'ries with *vice* and *lechery* burn!
To HEAV'N or Man, her *sanctity* was never true;
She breaks *old treaties* -- to make *new* ones;
Her policy, her manners, and her *sanctity*,
Are like a sulph'rous vapour, or smoke, or flame;
Her insults and incroachments, far and near,
Britannia's subjects will not --- cannot bear:

Their

Their gracious SOV'REIGN, in his gen'rous breast,
 Studies, with love, to make his people blest;
 And none shall dare, while we have blood to shed,
 To strip the *Laurel* from his sacred head:
 And all attempts from haughty *France* is vain,
 While *Britain's* navy triumphs o'er the main;
 Till then --- ambitious *France* vain pow'r may boast;
 Their ships are taken --- and their credit lost!
 Their cunning priests can saint whos'er they please;
 And deify their king o'er land or seas: ---
 Deceiving and deceiv'd --- the pious crew
 Cheat one another --- and would then cheat you:
 This island, with such locusts, in disguise,
 Now swarms --- and should be hang'd --- for they are spies;
 Each day, new converts make --- and *English* preach
 In public-houses, and the ign'rant teach ---
 Such horrid doctrine, that they must believe
 Salvation's pinn'd upon each vagrant's sleeve:

6 BRITAIN, STRIKE HOME.

Plan schemes on schemes within their private caves,
 And fatten on the *Peter-pence* of slaves;
 Nor wives or daughters can their lust escape—
 They durst not marry—nor commit a rape!
 These glaring crimes to *Britons* are well known;
 Then seek redress—and banish from the town
 Such useless miscreants, who in masquerade,
 Encourage all Things *French*—to damn your trade.
 Fly from *French* modes, as from their *old disease*;
 They live by fawning—as they stab—with ease:
 Their dress is tawdry, and their taste unclean,
 Their flattery fulsome, and their acts obscene;
 Then why your Country would you undermine,
 And swallow ruin from the *Gallic vine*?
 Each day, new converts make—and English preach

If *Britain* e'er would strike a glorious blow,
 Her sons proclaim, *It is the instant Now*:

Now is the time to curb proud *Gallia's* pride;
 And shew her HEAV'N and BRITAIN ally'd:
 Each *British* breast with gen'rous freedom glows;
 Impatient of revenge on *British* foes;
 Foes, ever faithless to the human race,
 Ever incroaching, and forever base;
 No sacred compacts can confine their pride;
 They want *America*, and then the world beside!

Oh! sacred MONARCH, Sovereign of the sea,
 Do but command, and *Britons* will obey;
 War's rudest aspect shall no terrors bring,
 While *Britons* arm for FREEDOM and their KING;
 Ambition soon shall from her height descend;
 While *Vict'ry* shall on *Liberty* attend.
 Methinks the war already is declar'd,
 And ev'ry thing for conquest well prepar'd;

Our awful navy breathing
 Bursting its thunder on a land of slaves; Her
 Or, meeting Gallies squadrons on the sea,
 Shall, *once for all*, compel her to obey
 Sink, burn, or take—destroy her whole marine,
 And prove, that *Britain* is the ocean's Queen.

No sacred compacts can confine their pride;
 BELIEVE me, noble Britons, ye are free—
 And can command and conquer when at sea;

Ye're *Neptune's* true-born sons, who bear no yoke,
 And fight like *hearts of gold* or *hearts of oak*;
 Smile at invasions—*Gallies* shall be
 Virtue and *Britain's* aim for
 Let's wait with patience for our Sovereign's word
 And act divine—*to drive Britannia's*
 The sword of justice!—tyrants to reclaim,
 And crown *Britannia* with immortal fame.

And every thing for conduct well prepar'd;

THIS

THIS done -- What is it *Britain* will not do?
 Where'er the ocean flows they dare to go!
 They're bold in arms -- and all alike inspir'd
 With emulation, and with honour fir'd;
 And KING and COUNTRY is their only cry;
 For KING and COUNTRY we will fight or die.

"BRITAIN, *strike home*," preserve your well-known
 bounds;
 "Britain, *strike home*," the Royal *Change* resounds;
 "Britain, *strike home*," cries ev'ry *British* tar,

Tho' not the *nerves*, the *sinews* of the war:
 "Britain, *strike home*," cries ev'ry *British* Lord,
 The present year must *Britain's* fame record!
 America will play a gallant part;
 She's sister to *Britannia* in her heart;
 And she will join the chorus in full cry --
 "Britain, *strike home*," we'll conquer or we'll die!

So when bright *Hesper* shews the vernal morn,
And pearly dew besprinkle ev'ry thorn,
A mild serenity breathes through the air
To usher peace among her woodland care:
But, sudden from the *South* strong gales arise,
And soon a tempest o'er the meadow flies;
The frightened flocks and herds their pasture shun,
And to the covert in confusion run;
Yet, soon the storm subsides, and the fair day
Comes smiling with the Sun's effulgent ray.

FREEDOM! oh goddess of our favour'd isle,
Still deign to give us thy enliv'ning smile;
Thy sight can dissipate tyrannic pow'r,
Or hurl destruction on vain *Gallia's* shore;
Thy noble presence, makes a people brave,
Thy absence, renders ev'ry freeman, slave;

Without

Without thy aid, what wisdom can controul

The brutal breast, or humanize the soul?

With thee, comes *peace*, upon the flow'ry green,

And *plenty*, with her ever-smiling mien;

Honour and *virtue*, shall thy steps attend,

And *industry*, *Britannia's* truest friend.

To meet thee, goddess, see the throng appear,

While *loves* and *graces* usher in the year;

Mars waits on *Victory*, and both on *Fame*,

To give a noble sound to *Britain's* name;

For this blest year (so have the fates decreed!)

Britain shall conquer, and proud *Gallia* bleed.

11 7 19

F I N I S.

Without thy aid, what wisdom can controul

The brutal power, or humanize the soul?

With thee, comes peace, upon the flow'ry green,

And plenty, with her ever-smiling mien;

Honour and virtue, shall thy steps attend,

And industry, Britannia's trusty friend,

To meet thee, Goddess, see the throng appear,

While Jove and Greece usher in the year;

War's wars on Victory, and both on Fame,

To give a noble sound to Britain's name;

For this blest year (so have the fates decreed!)

Britain shall conquer, and proud Gallia bleed.